[Vol. I.] THE [No. 30.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 26, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

The present is an age of fashion; but whether it is best to appear in the plain, but honest, garb of a peasant, or break our necks after the gay and fashionable, it is hard, with some, to determine. The writer of this is a plain person, who takes the liberty generally to think for himself. He has but a poor opinion of those whose only care is to be foremost in the fashions; to throw a pair of black Suwarrow boots aside, because white or yellow are more genteel. He would rather be an advocate for the principles of old Hunks, who wore his coat till it had been in the fashion five times without alteration; and it remained a pretty good coat, while he kept it out of the cabbaging hands of the tailor. In striving to appear so very genteel we frequently have to "pay too dear for our whistle." While the cultivation of our minds is neglected, and the decoration of our persons is all our aim, virtue, wisdom and knowledge will keep aloof, and, at length, these fashionable superfluities, with us, will wander, as an exile, "over the world in mournful company together."

Let us arouse, and level (not as some of our fashionable females do, however) this monster, and imitate our venerable, primitive mothers of America; who did not hesitate to annihilate the drinking of that so much favored plant, TEA, when the prosperity and welfare of their country demanded it. Let us show to the world that we care more for the cultivation of our minds than the pompous equipage of our bodies. Let our dress be modest, our conversation chaste, our manners easy, and our demeanor engaging—then shall we appear to one another as friends, and children of one common parent; mutual satisfaction will inspire the breast of every one, and show the world that we are "worthy to be called the children of God."

MONITOR.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

MR. POOL,

I find it has become quite fashionable of late, in the letters I have received, to use numberless abbreviations, which make the writing almost illegible. The following, sent me by a correspondent in Birmingham may serve as a specimen. MERCATOR.

Birmgham, July 1, 1806.

SIR,

Havg just recd a letter from Flemg, informg me that the prices of American goods were risg there, and thinkg that these pleasg tid'gs would be cheerg to a man of yr standg, I was determing on communicatg them to you, as I was sittg at my writg-desk. Fearg that you wd think of sendg to the place I have just been mentiong for the purpose of recallg your property, I take the liberty of tellg you the subject of my correspondts letter. Knowg that you are fittg up a vessel for the purpose of transportg goods to Turkey, & that you are employg yourself with unremittg application to that business, give me the permission of apprizg you, sir, that you are toilg for nothg. For the merchts livg in Turkey, are orderg all their vessels to be cruisg about for those comg from America, & they are takg every opportunity wh is presentg itself of capturg the vesls, maltreatg the crews, carryg them to their own country, & there makg them slaves. Send your shippg to Flemg or Flushg, the prospects there are flatterg. Wishg you every blessg that an all-seeg providence can bestw, I subscribe, remaing yr lovg friend, & M. O. H. S.

SELECTED.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY!

FROM THE TROY GAZETTE.

Messrs Editors,

The following is a hasty translation of a story told by *Petronius Arbiter*, and published in the last *Anthology*. I have ventured to make a deviation in one instance, which delicacy appeared to require. If you think proper, please to give a place to it in your paper. But, it may be well to remark (after the *Anthology*) that the author of this story lived in the reign of Nero, and possessed many virtues and many vices, but is particularly notable for his oddities, his contempt of death, and his satirical humour: of the latter quality this story presents a specimen.

At Ephesus dwelt a lady so celebrated for conjugal fidelity and affection, that the ladies of the neighbouring nations thought themselves honoured if they could see her. When the husband of this lady died, not contented with following the corpse with disheveled hair, and with beating her breast in view of the multitude (the ordinary mode of expressing sorrow at funerals in Ephesus,) she followed the corpse into the tomb and there remained weeping day and night. The intreaties of her parents, neighbors and the magistrates of the city, were equally unavailing: She refused to receive any sustenance, and rejected all consolation. They deplored the misery of the excellent matron, who continued fasting five days. Her faithful maid remained with her, commending her pious sorrow, and renewing the lamp which was kept burning in the sepulchre. The lady's forlorn situation engrossed the conversation and excited the compassion of the citizens; whilst so splendid an instance of conjugal fidelity and affection commanded universal admiration.

At this time the Governour of the province had commanded some robbers to be crucified near the tomb, where the lady continued mourning over the remains of her husband. On the next night a soldier, who guarded the bodies

of the crucified malefactors, observing the glimmering of a torch and hearing a groan of distress proceed from the adjacent tomb, was induced by a humane curiosity to learn the cause of it. He descended therefore into the sepulchre, and the face of a beautiful female first meeting his eyes, made him recoil with fear! recovering from the astonishment which so uncommon a spectacle naturally excited even in a soldier's breast, he surveyed more attentively the face of the lady, which she had furrowed with her nails, and the body over which she shed incessant tears—and concluded, as was truly the case, that grief occasioned by the death of a dear friend had reduced her to that miserable condition. The soldier's heart was moved; he immediately carried some food into the sepulchre and began to exhort her not to persevere in her useless grief nor burst her heart with unavailing sighs.——"To die is the common lot of humanity; all men are travelling to the same dark abodes;" with these, and exhortations like these, he endeavoured to restore to health her diseased mind. But her soul would receive no consolation. She struck her breast and tore her hair more voilently than before.

The soldier next plied the maid with similar exhortations endeavouring to make her take some food. The smell of the wine, which the soldier presented to her, first induced her to listen to his entreaty. Overcome at length by the soldier's humanity and the bewitching odour of the wine, she streched towards him her hand in token of her compliance. After recovering her strength and refreshing her spirits by eating the food and drinking the wine, which the soldier had placed before her, she began to blame the obstinacy of her mistress: 'What profit can you derive, said she, by starving your-'self? Why will you bury yourself alive or resign your soul unrequired?

'Think you cold ashes, or th' unburied dead,
'Will to your vows and promises give heed?'

'Do you hope to bend almighty fate by your tears, and recall your husband 'to life? You have played the woman long enough. Is it not better to enjoy 'the good things of life while you can, than to pine away in womanish sorrow? 'The very corpse, over which you mourn, should admonish you to preserve 'your life.'

Arguments to induce us to eat, or to preserve our lives, are readily listened to. Therefore, after an abstinence of some days, the lady allowed her obstinacy to be overcome, and devoured the food offered to her, with as good a stomach as the maid had done before. Henceforth you may know how to conquer human obstinacy. The soldier by the same blandishing eloquence, which had preserved the lady's life, endeavoured to gain her affection. He already possessed the good will of her maid, nor in the eyes of the mistress did he appear void of gracefulness or eloquence. The maid fostered these good impressions.

'Gainst love approved, why obstinate abide?
'Nor once reflect with whom you now reside?

In short, the soldier obtained a complete conquest over the lady's heart. The nuptials were consummated on the spot. They remained together in the sepulchre, not only that night, but the next, and the third, keeping the sepulchre closed, that those who came to the tomb might think the faithful wife had died of grief by her husband's corpse. The soldier's happiness was now made complete in the enjoyment of the lady's charms, and he every day purchased whatever his purse could afford and conveyed it at night into the sepulchre.

But the parents of one of the crucified malefactors, observing that the guard had relaxed in vigilance, took away the body of their son by night, and bestowed funeral honours upon it. Next morning, when the soldier saw that the body was removed, and dreading the consequence, he related to the lady what had happened and declared his resolution to chastise his negligence with his own sword, rather than endure the ignominy of a judicial punishment. He then requested the lady to place his body in the sepulchre by the side of her deceased husband. The lady being no less distinguished for her humanity than her conjugal fidelity, replied—"No, ye gods! oblige me not to witness at once the death of two so lovely men. I will rather violate the

remains of the dead than kill the living." Having said this, she ordered the body of her husband to be taken out of the coffin and suspended on the cross. The soldier profited by the ingenuity of the lady, and the next day every body wondered how the body came on the cross.

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FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

[A favourite writer has described with so much humour and accuracy some of the distress of a taciturn and studious recluse, that I cannot resist an impulse to transcribe it for the Port Folio. The settlement which our whimsical bachelor at length finds in a well-governed and docile family, appears admirably well suited to the peculiar manners and solitary genius of the literary character.]

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an *officious landlady* that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was *a jolly good natured man*, took it into his head *that I wanted company*, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber *to keep me from being alone*. This I bore for two or three days, but telling me one day that he was *afraid I was melancholy*, I thought it was *high time for me to be gone*, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my *jolly landlord* who, as I said before, was an *honest hearty man*, had put me into an advertisement of the *Daily Courant* in the following words: "Whereas a *melancholy man* left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains." As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the *fishmonger*, not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and *complies with my humor in every thing*. I do not remember that we have exchanged a single word together these five years. My coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it—if I want fire, I point to my chimney—if water, to my bason: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him *not disturb the Gentleman*. At my first entering into the family, I was *troubled with the civility* of their raising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *fish*, and *went out again*, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house, so that, at present, I walk into the kitchen or parlor without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress, though I am by, whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, and the mistress, who is an excellent housewife, scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies with the same liberality as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing I hear or see.

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FROM THE ASIATIC MISCELLANY.

A STORY FROM THE GULISTAN OF SADI.

Having become weary of the company of my friends at Damascus, I retired into the desart of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes; till I was taken prisoner by the Franks, and consigned to a pit in Tripoly, to dig clay with some Jews. But one of the principal men of Aleppo, with whom

I had formerly been intimate, happening to pass that way, recollected me; asked me how I came there and in what manner I spent my time? I answered:

STROPHE.

"I fled into the mountains and deserts to avoid mankind;
"Seeing, that on God alone reliance can be placed.
"Conjecture, then what must now be my situation,
"Forced to associate with wretches worse than men!"

DISTICH.

"To have our feet bound with chains, in company with our friends,
"Is preferable to being in a garden with strangers."

He took compassion on my condition: redeemed me for ten dinars from the Franks; and took me with him to Alleppo. He had a daughter whom he gave me in marriage, with a hundred dinars for her dower. When some time had elapsed she discovered her disposition, which was ill-natured, quarrelsome, obstinate and abusive; so that she destroyed my happiness, in the manner as has been said.

VERSE.

A bad woman, in the house of a good man,
Is his Hell in this world.
Take care how you connect yourself, with a bad woman.
Defend us, O Lord, from this fiery trial!

Once she approached me, saying, "Art not thou him whom my father "redeemed from captivity among the Franks for ten dinars?" I answered, "Yes, he ransomed me for ten, and put me into your hands for a hundred."

VERSE.

I have heard that a great man delivered a lamb from the claws of a wolf,
And the night following applied a knife to his throat.
The expiring lamb complained, crying,
You delivered me from the claws of a wolf;
But I have seen you at length act the part of that very wolf towards me.

HOW TO PREVENT DWELLING-HOUSES FROM BEING HAUNTED.

Many people whose circumstances might enable them to enjoy even more than a common portion of domestic felicity, are rendered miserable, by reason that the houses they live in are *haunted*. A fiend of most frightful aspect, enters even their bolted doors, stalks through their kitchens, parlours, and bed-chambers, making frightful noises—sometimes hoarse, sometimes shrill—overturning the chairs, tables, crockery, &c. and throwing every thing into confusion. The name of this foul fiend is *Domestic Discord*; and it is of that species of demons, which, when once having obtained strong possession, is almost impossible, to be cast out.—Therefore I shall propose means to *prevent* the evil, rather than remedies for its inveterate stage of existence.

Before giving your hand in marriage, examine critically the character of the person with whom you propose forming this important connection; and prefer those qualities which will *wear well*, to such as are merely showy. A fine face, a genteel air and figure, a charming voice, ready elocution, quickness of wit,—however attractive—are poor substitutes for sound sense, cultivated by useful education, prudence, integrity, benevolence, together with the residue of the train of domestic virtues. Expect not unalloyed felicity in the marriage state. Such an unreasonable expectation must ever prove the parent of disappointment. If you think your bride an angel, or that the man who gives you his hand in marriage, will through life act the part of a hero in romance, a few years, perhaps a few months or weeks, will show you your mistake; and the never failing disappointment of such romantic expectations tends to produce coldness, alienation, and bitterness of mind. The Angels "neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" this kind of contrast and relation is between mere mortals, who, at best, have some failings which must be overlooked or patiently borne.

As before marriage, you cannot be too critical, afterwards you can hardly be too candid in your judgment of each other. If you find some unexpected

flaws in temper, or foibles in character, assiduously endeavour to cure them, not by reproaches, but by all the winning arts of prudence and benevolence; or if they should prove incurable, bear them as much as possible with good humor. Mean-while look steadfastly and chiefly on the bright side of character: and see whether the good qualities do not balance or even outweigh the faulty ones. Your wife perhaps is peevish in her temper, and sometimes scolds; but if she is neat, industrious, frugal, faithful to all your interests, you have more cause for self-congratulation than for murmuring—Perhaps your husband is hasty and choleric—when he uses passionate expressions toward you let not the law of kindness depart from your tongue, but requite them with mild and soothing words: if you be yoked with a fool, an habitual drunkard, or an unfeeling brute all this will not avail, but if your husband be a man of understanding and sensibility of heart, by patience and good humor on your part, you will be able to calm the tempest and smooth the asperities of his mind.

Ever prize the *chain of domestic friendship* as the choicest of all your household furniture; frequently examine every link; if any should grow weak, strengthen it; should any happen to gather rust, burnish it until its lustre be fully restored;—so will you shun the grievous calamnity of many, *that* of living in an *haunted* house

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

SAMBERARRA,

OR THE ORIGIN OF STEALING CANES.

Long, long ago, some days perhaps ago,
Not such degenerate days as these are now,
'There was a fashion, odd and queer—
It would not be amiss to tell it here.
The beaus, (for in that famous age
The beaus and belles were "all the rage.")
The beaus receiv'd full many a stare
From "the bright light-orbs of the fair."
Such looks inspir'd them with dismay,
And even frighted them away.

Now met in solemn council ev'ry beau,
And in their *club* discuss'd the matter through!
Great Samberarra stood confest
In their *Society* the best.
He thus these injur'd animals address'd:—

'One more expedient, friends, I've thought to try,
And if that fails I'm sure we all must die;
And down must fall our great *Society*.
I chanc'd *t' encounter in my way*
A countryman, the other day:
Offence, I thought, was not unjust;—
(What follow'd next, you know, I trust.)
But he'd a weapon in his hand,
And with it made so firm a stand,
That much I wish'd t' obtain the thing,
But could not to my friendship bring
The countryman—
So off he ran.
Now, friends, if we could but obtain
That thing, (I think 'tis call'd a cane,)

The ladies' stares we might defy ;—
However, as it is, we'll try.'

By all th' oration was admir'd,
And now the *club* in peace retir'd.
But Samberarra was in constant pain,
Until he could procure the wish'd-for cane.
At length he stole the object of his heart,
And swore from him it never should depart.
This cane he much admir'd to use and wear,
As it secur'd him from a lady's stare.
His friends, beginning to complain,
Obtain'd in secret theft the cane.
One did not keep it long, howe'er,
For now so pow'rful grew the stare,
That *ev'ry one* was forc'd to steal
This weapon of the *commonweal :*
And since, e'en to the present day,
This fashion always has borne sway:
For if you have a cane, *and use it*,
You're very certain that you'll lose it ;
And if a beau e'er see or feel it,
Are you not sure that he will steal it?

SEMIRUS.

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(SELECTED.)

FROM LITTLE'S POEMS.

"*Neither do I condemn thee ; go and sin no more.*"

JESUS CHRIST.

Oh ! WOMAN, if by simple wile
Thy soul has strayed from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wand'rer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go and sin no more."

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLATTERY.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart. [*Sterne.*

EJACULATION.

Time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear *Jenny*, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make. [*Ibid.*

PLEASURE.

The enthusiasm of pleasure charms only by intervals. The highest rapture lasts only for a moment; and all the senses seem so combined, as to be soon tired into languor by the gratification of any one of them. It is only among the poets we hear of men changing to one delight, when satiated with another. In nature it is very different; the glutton, when sated with a full meal is unqualified to feel the real pleasure of drinking; the drunkard, in turn, finds few of those transports which lovers boast in enjoyment; and the lover, when cloyed, finds a diminution of every other appetite. Thus, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of pleasure finds a languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and expected enjoyment, perceives an interval which must be filled up. The present can give no satisfaction, because he has already robbed it of every charm: a mind thus left without immediate employment, naturally recurs to the past or future: the reflector finds that he was happy, and knows that he cannot be so now; he sees that he may yet be happy, and wishes the hour was come; thus every period of his continuance is miserable, except that very short one of immediate gratification. Instead of a life of dissipation, none has more frequent conversations with disagreeable *self* than he: his enthusiasms are few and transient; his appitites, like angry creditors, continually making fruitless demands for what he is unable to pay; and the greater his former pleasures, the more strong his regret, the more impatient his expectations: A life of pleasure is, therefore, the most unpleasing life in the world. [*Goldsmith.*

THE LADIES.

A solitary philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet, and feasted with unmingled pleasure; for what can interrupt the contentment of those, upon whom one age has labored after another to confer honors and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out his life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach, endeavor to multiply delights without requiring any return but willingness to be pleased. [*Johnson.*

A WESTERLY BREEZE.

The late Mr. Hall, author of the *Crazy Tales*, was with all his wit and humor, often oppressed with very unpleasant hypochondriac affections. In one of these fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the east winds in synonimous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reason could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turrets of the castle, turn the weather-cock due west, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall rose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eyes through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning's ride with his facetious humour—execrating easterly winds, and launching forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, till, unfortunately, the cord breaking which fastened the weather-cock, it turned at once to the easterly position, and Mr. Hall retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had played upon him.

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MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Lang, jr. to Miss Dolly Wood. Mr. Robert Reap, to Miss Mary Brown.

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